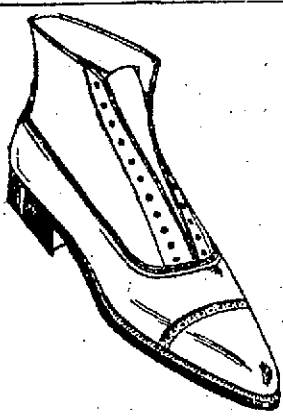


# HOOVER WILL HEAD ALLIED FOOD RELIEF

Circumstance	Percentage (%)
If someone is attacking you	85
If someone is threatening you	70
If someone is harassing you	55
If someone is insulting you	40
If someone is annoying you	25





## Young Men's and Boys'

Exceptional values—the latest styles and dependable shoes, \$3.85, \$4.50, \$4.85, \$5.50, \$5.85.

# DJ LUBY

FOR SALE—Two second hand boilers 125 H. P. each, in good condition. Have fronts and grates. Will sell them at the right price. One big engine, 200 H. P. for sale cheap. Also one wooden pulley with shafting 6 ft. long, 8 in. diameter, 21 in. face, 4 1/2 in. bore. Good as new. S. W. Roelstein Iron Co.

PIANOS! PIANOS! PIANOS! Do not be penny wise and pound foolish in caring for your piano, when a few days neglect at this time of year may prove so disastrous to it. Call J. R. HILMAN—don't put it off—ho will properly tune and care for it. Single tuning or by the year. Call either phone or Nott's Music Store.

## Sunday Dinner

A tasteful, well cooked, well served meal characterizes the Sunday service at Sewell's.

Bring the family here for Sunday dinner tomorrow.

**SEWELL'S CAFE**

Armory Block.  
Cor. Milw. & Franklin Sts.

## Warm, Serviceable Gloves and Mittens

This one special value is indicative of the kind of values you may expect here. All Leather Mittens, heavily lined, with elastic cuff, at \$1.00

Complete stock of Mittens, Gauntlets and Gloves, all sizes, weights and prices, but every price a big value. Big wear in every pair.

**Janesville Hide & Leather Company**  
222 W. Milw. St.  
The Leather & Trunk Store

## PRIVATE HARRY GUMS WOUNDED AT CANTIGNY

Janesville Soldier Former Member of Company M Now at Vauvau-cent Hospital at Fort Des Moines.

Wounded in the first American battle of the war a little over two hours after it started was the experience of Private Harry Gums of this city, a former member of Company M.

Private Gums was severely wounded at Cantigny on the morning of May 23 about nine thirty o'clock. The Yanks went over the top at the Germans early in the morning and set their objective as the village of Cantigny, beyond Cantigny. Private Gums was in the first wave going over and shortly after the village of Cantigny was taken he received a machine gun bullet in the left arm.

Private Gums was digging in at the time of his being wounded and was taken to a base hospital in France until October and then ordered to the United States. He is at present at the convalescent hospital at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

## BLACKHAWK SOLDIERS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

2,491 Men of 88th Division Home From France. All First Sergeants Have Returned.

Familiar faces will soon be seen on the streets of the city as 2,491 men of the Blackhawk Division arrived in New York yesterday afternoon. A great number of the men are of the 338th Field Artillery and the remainder of two infantry regiments and three machine gun battalions. How many Janesville men landed yesterday but it is thought that a large number of local boys were in the units. Every sergeant of the 88th Division returned home and in all probability First Sergeant Howard Smith of this city, a member of Co. D, 338th Machine Gun Battalion was among them. Col. Philip Ward, commanding the 338th Artillery, stated that only a skeleton of the 88th division remained and that the division was used as a replacement unit as soon as they arrived in France. All the artillery remain intact and are returning to this country intact.

The men will be stationed at Camp Mills, L. I., for about two weeks and then sent to the Camp Grant for demobilization. Col. Ward also stated that nearly all of the doughboys of the Blackhawk division saw action in the last days of the war and that they gave a glorious account of themselves. Major General Martin, who left Camp Grant as commander of the 88th division, has been transferred to command the 92nd division (Negro). The 338th Artillery, which has been transferred to other commands in France. Major Cushing, adjutant of the 88th division, has also returned. Spanish influenza swept the division soon after they left New York and a large number of men died of the disease enroute and in the rest camps in England.

The 31st and 32nd Field Artillery and the 31st ammunition train will arrive in New York in a few days.

## MILTON JUNCTION RIFLEMEN SHOT AT WHITEWATER—NOT!

It's a sad story, a very sad one indeed. It's about a shooting match which was to have been held in the village of Whitewater Thursday night. A purpose of fifty dollars and part of the story which makes it doubly interesting. To come to the point the match wasn't held. That is why the story is sad and that is why the town of Milton Junction were today hostile to any mention of the word "Whitewater."

It was well, but here is the narrative as the Milton Junctioners and the Whitewater bunch stepped on the floor and arrangements for the match were begun—but they were never finished. They complained that the Junction hunters had the wrong kind of ammunition that they were not from the same village and numerous other things. They wanted to quit shoot—the Milton stars attribute to the fact that they were weak in the knees. After a long discussion, many hot arguments the match was called off and the Junction shots took up their sad and weary journey homeward, minus the fifty dollars which they had planned to take back with them.

## SUCCESSFUL DANCE STAGED NEW YEAR'S

The Girls' Athletic club staged a very successful dance at Apollo hall on New Year's night. Arrangements had been made to give the affair under the auspices of the Sammis Sisters, but was called off. As tickets had been sold, music secured, and the dance titled, the girls decided to go ahead and stage the dance. Hatch's orchestra furnished the music. The chairman of the committee in charge of the affair was Miss Alice C. Taylor, who proved capable and carried things through to a successful ending. Among the dancers, several were from Beloit, Edgerton and Evansville, besides Janesville youngsters. The home for their Christmas vacation. After expenses had been paid, the sum of twenty-five dollars was left, which will be donated to some worthy cause.

## Milton Junction

Milton Junction, Dec. 4.—The Fortnightly Club met with Miss Inez Brightman Friday afternoon and after the roll call and papers on Meat and Meat Substitutes by Wm. Mark Richardson, Mrs. L. Burdick and Miss Mill on, Miss Merrill of Madison gave a talk on Library work. Miss Zetta Entress spent New Year's with Jefferson friends. Mr. and Mrs. of Stoughton was a guest of the Misses McGowan Friday. Miss Jessie Owen left tonight for Philadelphia where he is in war service. Mrs. Fred Burdick is confined to the house by sickness. J. A. Paul was in Janesville Friday on business. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Baker who have been in Janesville for a few months are at their home again.

## TODAY'S TELEGRAPH MARKETS

TELEPHONE MARKET SERVICE. Janesville members interested in the livestock markets may secure quotations daily between the hours of 1:00 and 2:30, by calling the Gazette Office, No. 77, either phone.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

**Wall Street Generally**  
New York, Jan. 4.—The taking of the usual week-end character probably accounted for the hesitant tone at the opening of today's stock market. Equanimity and calm moderate declines with kindred issues, while shipping, tobacco and oil declined. The only noteworthy change among bulls was the one point decline in Texas Pacific Oil stock before the end of the first half hour, but otherwise the irregular tendencies became more pronounced.

The brief session of the stock market was featureless, aside from renewed weakness in oil and oil-related issues recently distinguished for their strength. The market was tormented by consolidation, and consolidated gas broke 1 to 2 1/2 points. Petroleum received a little more support on small offerings. Beet sugar and tobacco and distilling issues received a little more support. The closing was heavy. Sales approximately 250,000 shares. Bonds were irregular, liberty issues showing slight advance.

**Merchandise Paper**  
New York, Jan. 4.—The paper market was active. Sterling demand 47 1/2; cables 47 1/2; francs demand 47 1/2; cables 47 1/2; lire demand 47 1/2; cables 47 1/2; rubles demand 47 1/2; cables 47 1/2; nominal; Mexican demand 47 1/2; cables 47 1/2; nominal; Railroad bonds irregular.

**Clearing House**  
New York, Jan. 4.—The actual condition of clearing house banks and trust companies for the day closed in excess of legal requirements. This is an increase of \$1,735,000.

**New York Jan. 4.—**4 1/2-5 1/2; 90-70; 100-70; 110-70; 120-70; 130-70; 140-70; 150-70; 160-70; 170-70; 180-70; 190-70; 200-70; 210-70; 220-70; 230-70; 240-70; 250-70; 260-70; 270-70; 280-70; 290-70; 300-70; 310-70; 320-70; 330-70; 340-70; 350-70; 360-70; 370-70; 380-70; 390-70; 400-70; 410-70; 420-70; 430-70; 440-70; 450-70; 460-70; 470-70; 480-70; 490-70; 500-70; 510-70; 520-70; 530-70; 540-70; 550-70; 560-70; 570-70; 580-70; 590-70; 600-70; 610-70; 620-70; 630-70; 640-70; 650-70; 660-70; 670-70; 680-70; 690-70; 700-70; 710-70; 720-70; 730-70; 740-70; 750-70; 760-70; 770-70; 780-70; 790-70; 800-70; 810-70; 820-70; 830-70; 840-70; 850-70; 860-70; 870-70; 880-70; 890-70; 900-70; 910-70; 920-70; 930-70; 940-70; 950-70; 960-70; 970-70; 980-70; 990-70; 1000-70; 1010-70; 1020-70; 1030-70; 1040-70; 1050-70; 1060-70; 1070-70; 1080-70; 1090-70; 1100-70; 1110-70; 1120-70; 1130-70; 1140-70; 1150-70; 1160-70; 1170-70; 1180-70; 1190-70; 1200-70; 1210-70; 1220-70; 1230-70; 1240-70; 1250-70; 1260-70; 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**The Janesville Daily Gazette**  
New Building. 200-204 East Milwaukee St.  
Entered at the Postoffice at Janesville, Wisconsin, as Second-class Mail Matter.  
Full Tensed Wire Service of Associated Press.  
MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS.  
BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

### OUR SATURDAY NIGHT

The following story taken from the book, "Lay Sermons," by Howard W. Tilton, carries a thought so near to every mother's heart that it appeals strongly and will leave its impress upon the reader. Its title is

#### BRINGING UP A HUSBAND.

"Remember that you are raising your boy to be some woman's husband."

The motto which a western woman's club has on its wall should be placed in living letters over every fireside. In almost every old storeroom and garret there may be found the faded and frayed crocheting of the old motto, "God Bless Our Home." It long since served its purpose, and yet it seemed almost sacrilegious to throw it on the rubbish pile, and so it has been given a place beside the old hair trunk, containing the yellow letters and the ambrotypes, baby's first shoes and the little faded frock of the one whose laughter is now only an echo. The old motto belongs among the things which we still keep simply to remind us of what we have outgrown and what we have lost. It is well that the broader religion of today should revise the old time saying of grace by which the blessing was asked for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife," and that the old motto should be laid aside and that there should be put in place of

"God bless our home,"

"God bless another home."

It is well that the text should be found in a woman's heart and the sermon preached by a woman's life. None knows better than the mother what sort of a man her boy must be in order to be a worthy husband of some other woman. She knows how provoking it is to have the mud tracked in, the newspapers thrown on the floor, and the cigar ashes scattered on the dresser cover. She has waited meals and heard the grumbling at the breakfast table, and she knows just what sort of an ideal husband she would like to have, and just what sort of a man her boy should be in order to be the ideal husband for some other woman. But there are many things which that boy needs to be taught besides wiping his feet on the rug, and being on time to his meals, and they can be taught by a woman only, for only a woman knows. She remembers when in the long ago she timidly placed her fingers in the strong and loving hand of him to whom in all the coming years she was to look for care and protection. Those were days of moonlight and music, and the world seemed a fairy land in which her lover was the chivalrous knight. That strong hand was always then extended in thoughtful gentleness to place the wrap around her shoulders, to assist her into the carriage, to hold the umbrella, get a cooling drink, to pick up her fan and provide her with caramels, and yet he loves her more even than he did then, would sacrifice more for her, would do more for her—but he doesn't think of the wrap, the carriage, the glass of water, the fan, and the caramels. He doesn't realize how much these things mean to a woman, not because of the things themselves, for she can throw on her own wrap, pick up her own fan, get her own glass of water and buy her own caramels, but the thoughtfulness is what she misses, for the smaller the service the greater seems the thoughtfulness which inspires it. Life has become so hum-drum. There are no more of those cosy little visits in the shadows of the vine, and love no longer is a duet but a solo. It's shop and kitchen, and the clock is always striking the hour to go to work or the hour to go to sleep. There's no more time for dawdling with the flowers and caramels of life. Courtesy seems well enough for lovers, but with old married people everything is business. The little foxes go on with their destroying of the vines unnoticed, and soon there is nothing but the bare trellis, its charm gone, and there are none of the old enticements for the cosy whisperings of confidences and the interchanging of little experiences of the day—so trifling—so unimportant—yet which make up so much of the life of the busy wife and weary mother.

The work of raising a boy to be some other woman's husband will not succeed very well until the mother of that boy learns the secret of how to control the husband who was raised for her. In the home where everything is left for father to decide, where the paternal rod is ever kept in pickle, and the boy is forever being threatened with "Just wait until your father comes home," where mother's wishes are ignored, and she is looked upon as too feeble to think and too weak to act, because she is only a woman, where the only thought of the cape is to place it upon the shoulders of a visitor, and the only picking up of the fan is when it is dropped by a stranger, the boy who is being raised for some other woman's husband will be much the kind of a husband which his father has been. He may see that the grocery bills are paid, that the roof doesn't leak, and that the lawn is mowed, but there will be the same old feeling that because he holds the purse and runs the store that he is the head of the house, and everything must first pay tribute to him, and it is for him to do all the thinking for the family and let the wife do all the washing.

It isn't altogether the fault of the husband that he fails to be the ideal which would prove so helpful an example in the raising of that boy to be the husband of some other woman. He doesn't realize how much the heart of the tired little housewife misses the twilight visit about the seeming nothings, how she looks back with a sigh to the evenings when he alone was company enough, and one other would have made it too crowded, how she misses the compliment and the smile, and how as she sits alone on the porch and sees her boy starting out for the lake with the sweetest of summer girls, and hears their merry laughter and chatter, happy in the blowing of the bright bubbles of life, she thinks of the white dress, now yellowed with age, the straw hat, the lover's knot of whose band was long since loosened, and how she wishes and wonders. Man is so clumsy and so thoughtless that he doesn't realize that it makes such a difference to her whether he goes up town after supper, and he would be as surprised to find that she would like to have him take her to the lake, as he would be to find himself going there.

His fault, you say? If she hadn't taken the little attentions so much for granted, if she had been as quick to reward him with a loving smile and a sweet word for his picking up of the fan dropped after marriage as in courtship, he might have noticed now that she has dropped it again. Had she shown as much surprise and pleasure at his thoughtfulness of the flowers which he had gathered for her from the dusty street and stuffy office in which he had been so busy and so weary, as of those brought from the greenhouses of the days of romance and of youth, he might have kept on bringing flowers.

"Remember that you are raising your boy to be some woman's husband."

Yes, but remember that in doing so there must be first the teaching of the teacher. The home of the boy must be filled with the sunshine of love, there must be the purity of influence, the enticement of charming example, the close entwining of the affections of father and mother, the constant holding up before that boy's eyes the mirror in which his love can see the ideal husband which he is to make when he takes that little maiden in white to his home instead of to the lake.

## PROPERTY OWNERS HAVE OPPORTUNITY OF GIVING AID IN HOUSING PROGRAM

Spirit of Co-operation Will Assure Natural  
Growth of Residential Section of Janesville—Lot Prices Must Be Kept Reasonable.

(By Harry V. Ross.)

Janesville owners of vacant property have the opportunity of co-operating with the Janesville Housing Corporation and populating those pieces of land which are not occupied. If they show the community spirit they will not hesitate to put their real estate on the market at fair prices. If they fail to co-operate and hold their property for too high prices another community will spring up in the vicinity of the new plant which is being made ready for the General Motors Corporation.

There is no objection whatever to the development of that portion of the city which will be occupied by the tractor plant; it is a foregone conclusion that the vicinity will be built up in time. But those who are interested in the growth of the city along lines which will make a more attractive place in which to live and which will bring increased business to those now established, believe vacant lots which have been idle for years should first be utilized for the homes of the men who will come here as permanent citizens.

These men will be paid good wages. Most of them will be skilled mechanics. The housing corporation will build for them attractive homes and it is reasonable to suppose that those who buy a home here will remain for an indefinite time.

No argument can be made to combat the fact that it is better to have well-built, attractive homes in the residential sections of the city than unsightly vacant lots.

A man who owns property and has paid taxes on it for years because it had been drag on the market, should not, in the face of recent industrial development, allow the price of that property up to a notch which makes it almost prohibitive. That man is entitled to a fair price, but he should realize that if the figure is set too high he will drive prospective purchasers to the outskirts of the city where lots can be purchased for prices within their means.

The Janesville Housing Corporation has been formed with the idea of solving the housing problem in Janesville. It is working for the interests of the entire community. It has no selfish motives. It pays no salary, with the exception, perhaps, for the services of a competent engineer. It is an institution of the Chamber of Commerce and the men who are backing it with their money and time are business men who have the good of the city at heart.

Its purposes are: To provide substantial and attractive homes for working people upon such terms as will enable them to live comfortably at moderate cost; to create a means by which established manufacturing concerns can be aided in increasing their force in that housing accommodations will be provided for such increase; and to encourage and foster land and building improvements of such character that will cause rapid and substantial growth of the city.

The General Motors Corporation has subscribed \$100,000 for stock in the housing corporation because it desires to get behind any project which will assure its workmen comfortable homes at reasonable prices. It did not take the subscription as an investment for it is not in the real estate business for profit. It can turn its money to better advantage in manufacturing. The General Motors Corporation has bought some ninety odd acres of land in the vicinity of the plant, the purpose of which has not been made public.

Although the General Motors Corporation is willing to co-operate with Janesville, in fact has shown a spirit of eagerness to do so, it is not under any obligations to the city. With this situation existing it is not unreasonable to suppose that if the prices of real estate in the city proper are boosted so high that the workmen cannot afford to buy, the corporation will take steps to furnish them vacant lots at a reasonable price.

## ON THE SPUR of the MOMENT

ROY E. MOULTON

### THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone is the most stubborn of all the mechanical aids to life. What the mule is to the faunal world, the telephone is to the world of science and invention.

As a purveyor of good news it is a failure. As a disseminator of bad news it is a regular old gossip; in fact, a whole, sewing circle.

I am relating only my own experience with the telephone. Other telephones may babble good luck day and night. Mine is a pebbleless Demosthenes so far as good luck is concerned, but when it comes to peddling gloom, it is as valuable as a colored minister at a funeral. It chatters incessantly and repeats its bad news over and over again.

As a peddler of nervousness, it is 103 per cent efficient. It has twelve cylinders. It is a dozen telephones merged into one and speaks with perfect articulation and an abundance of force and clarity of thought. It is afflicted with a well-defined stutter and a severe attack of quinsy, and speaks a sort of vest-pocket volapuk which I never could understand.

When any one wants to get me on the phone to offer me \$1,000 or even a less amount, my telephone is a deaf and dumb beast. It either rings so faintly that I don't hear it at all or it thunders the message so that it sounds as though somebody is trying to sell me a motorcycle on the installment plan. It simply won't work, and two or three weeks later I hear that somebody was trying to give me some money and couldn't, and had to give it to somebody else.

But when there is some bad news coming to me, like the loss of a job or the impending visit of my wife and her telephone simply outthumps itself. It sticks to the job as peanut butter sticks to the roof of one's mouth. It can't escape it. If it is bad news the telephone will ring its head off, and if I don't respond it will come and pull me out of bed.

"I am dead set again the freedom of the seas," said Uncle Terwilliger last night. "If we get freedom of the seas, the steamship companies will have to carry the scum of Europe over here for nothing and there ain't hardly any of 'em that would stay at home."

NO, WE WOULDN'T.  
Sir—Would you say that an appropriate name for our proposed ship is *Wodgog*—or would you say anything about it?—JANE VIVIAN.

Secretary Burleson has ordered a reduction in telephone rates. We know it and Burleson knows it, but do the telephone companies know it?

NOTHER MYSTERY.  
"Want ad. in Manchester (N. H.)"  
"WANTED—Hand-sewed workmen, old time, to make infant ankle ties at home. Steady work by parcel post."

Note one of the department stores is advertising, "Children Rocking Horses."  
But what are the adults going to do?

They are hurrying the soldiers back from France to make room for the two or three million diplomats who must have standing room in Paris somehow.

MELTING POT WILL  
AID THE FATHERLESS

Word has been received by the committee of "The Fatherless Children of France," that Wisconsin has not reached its quota of adoptions. A "Melting Pot" has been placed in Skelby's book store where pieces of old silver and gold will be received, the articles converted into cash, and used for subscriptions on the lists of the French children yet to be adopted. Fifty-three children are to be cared for as the result of the bazaar held here in November, which was considered by the central headquarters at Madison to be a splendid showing.

But there are yet many children on the Wisconsin list who have not yet been subscribed for. Will you not

bring in all your old broken spoons and bits of broken gold jewelry to the "Melting Pot" and help Janesville to go over the top in the care of the destitute French children as it has in other year work. The following letter has been received by Senator John M. Whitehead.

St. Sorlin, Nov. 25, 1918.  
My Dear Benefactor: Your gift has reached me and I do not know how to thank you for your kindness. If I were near you I should be embracing you just as I would do to my poor father. I am not very old yet, but I remember my father well. My little brothers are too small. They are only five and six years old. My good mother works herself sick for us. If you have little children tell them that I love them, since you are a kind man like my papa. I do not know how to thank you. I only know how to tell you that you are very kind and that I send you for my little brothers and myself our dearest wishes.

GERMAINE BAUDRY.  
St. Sorlin de Conat par St. Bonnet, Charente Inferieure, France.

Daily Thought.  
No nobler feeling than this, of admiration for one higher than himself, dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, a vivifying influence in man's life.—Carlyle.

For bargains galore see Classified page.

## First Mortgage Farm Land Bonds

Drawing 6% interest payable semi-annually.  
Denominations \$100, \$250, \$500 and \$1000.  
Maturities 3 to 7 years.  
Recommended to you as safe investments for your surplus funds.  
You are invited to take advantage of our exceptional investment service.  
Write or call for description circulars.

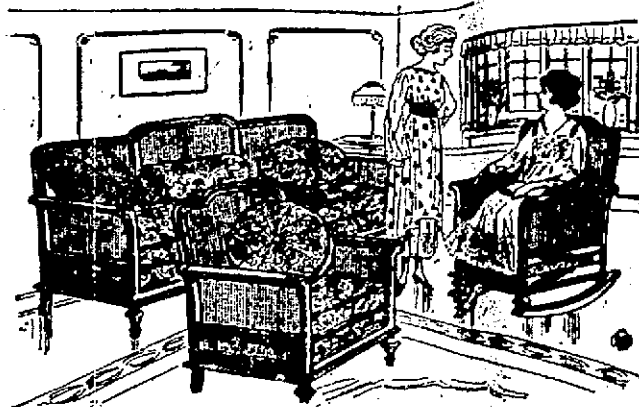
**C. J. Smith**  
Janesville, Wisconsin  
Representing  
**Gold-Stabeck Co.**  
Investment Bankers  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## Leather Traveling Bags

A complete assortment, several styles from which to choose. Prices are right.

**R. M. Bostwick & Son**  
Main Street at Number Sixteen South.  
Merchants of Fine Clothes.

## Ideally Beautiful

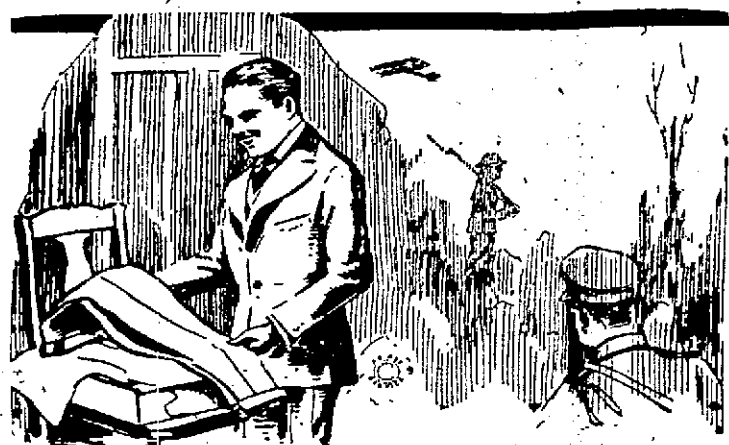


Cane-back suites express the most beautiful of modern conceptions for living room furnishing. The combination of lightness and grace with the luxurious upholstery of the spring seats, covered with rich striped or brocaded velour, is exquisitely attractive. And the round cushions add a charming note of informality.

You will find a delightful presentation of these cane-back suites here in fine woods, exquisitely polished, that reveal the style motifs of the great designers. If you desire a suite that is appropriate for both winter and summer use, nothing could more perfectly fulfill your requirement. And our values will bear the closest investigation and comparison.

## W. H. ASHCRAFT

Furniture & Undertaking  
104 W. Milwaukee St.

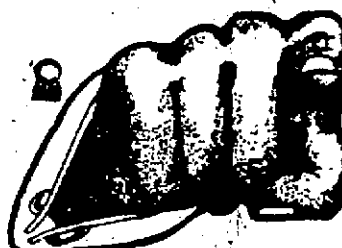


The memories the soldier boy holds of his former civil life are associated a great deal with the garments he wore before he went away.

It would be the best of judgment to get out his suits and other garments now and send them to us so they will be ready the minute he returns.

We Will Clean, Press and Repair  
Them at a Very Moderate Cost.

**C. F. BROCKHAUS & SON**  
JANESVILLE STEAM DYE WORKS  
109 E. Milw. St.



## You Have Been Intending Taking Out That Life Policy

Don't put it off another day. You owe it to yourself and your family. We know the policy we sell is absolutely the best. And you will know it too, if you let us show it to YOU.

Call or Phone

## C. P. BEERS

Agent

Hayes Block

Both Phones



When you think of insurance think of C. P. Beers.

## Rehberg's Do You Need Winter Clothing?

Rehbergs Great  
Fire Sale is  
The Place To Go

30% to 60%  
Savings on  
Everything

You Can Get Good,  
Warm Clothing,  
Here at Savings  
That are Worth  
While.

Don't Forget The  
Bargain Basement

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WAY TO SECURE  
A SATIN SKIN.

"Apply Satin skin cream,  
then Satin skin powder."  
**SMITH'S PHARMACY**  
THE REXALL STORE  
Kodaks and Kodak Supplies







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The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER XV.

Bayard tried Lella's recipe for a time, but there were expenses that he could not charge, and even the wad of money she had smuggled out of Newport did not last long. Other people were no more willing to pay bills than he. Money that was owed to him he could not collect. He could not respond to the multitudinous appeals for charity. This was a real shame in times of such frantic needs. He could not do any of the honorable, pleasant things that one can do with money. He had to do many of the dishonorable, loathsome things one without money must do.

In his desperation Bayard's thoughts reverted to his original rescuer, his father. He never appealed to the old man in vain. Bayard had often promised himself the delight of sending home a big check as a subtraction from his venerable debt. But it was a promise easy to defer. In the face of all the other temptations and opportunities, his father never pressed him, never expected a return of the money he had been investing in the boy. For a child is a piece of furniture bought on the installment plan to go into somebody's else house as soon as it is paid for.

Bayard put off the appeal to his father as long as he dared, but at last sat down to the hateful letter.

He hated to trouble his poor old dad at such a time (he wrote with truth), but his very life depended on raising some immediate money. He was young and husky and he would be on his feet in a jiffy. He would pay back every cent in a short while, even if he had to borrow it of some one else. Anyways, in a few weeks the penitency conditions would be over and business would return to the normal. He knew, he wrote, that "Old Reliable Kip" could perform his usual miracle and get blood from some of those Cleveland turnips.

He was so sure of his father that he ended his letter with an advance payment of thanks. This was the first payment he had made in advance for a long time.

He sealed the letter, put a special delivery stamp on it, and took it to the branch post office so that it would reach Cleveland without fail the next morning.

When he got back to the house there was a telegram from home.

"Leaving before due tomorrow. a. m. don't meet me but be home love, see you important mamma well love."

"FATHER."

The next morning Bayard rose betimes to meet his father at the train. And Daphne went to the Grand Central station with him. She ran to her father and flung her arms about him, and Bayard hugged him and carried his suitcase for him. It was no time to be tipping a porter. Nor to be making use of taxicabs with the jitney subway at hand. Bayard lugged his father's suitcase along Fifty-ninth Street. The hall boy, who had not been tipped for some days, observed a strict neutrality. He was feeling the pinch, too.

When breakfast was ended Wesley noted that Lella herself carried the dishes away, with Daphne's help. The table was clear she closed the door on the two men and said:

"We'll leave you two alone to talk business."

The two men regarded each other askance, as uneasily as two wrestlers circling for a hold. Wesley was the first to speak. He said:

"Well, my boy?"

"I wrote you a long letter last night, dad," Bayard said.

"You did? What about?"

Bayard had guessed the situation; he saw the cruel joke of it. He thought he could dull the edge with mockery. He snickered, rather cravily.

"I wrote to ask you to lend me some money. I guess I wasted the postage."

"And I guess I wasted the fare over here. I thought I oughtn't have taken a berth in the sleeper, but your mother insisted—said I'd not been feeling any too well."

Bayard laughed outright—a laugh wet with vinegar tears.

Wesley sank into a chair with the little whinper of a sick old man.

Bayard went to his father and put

QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

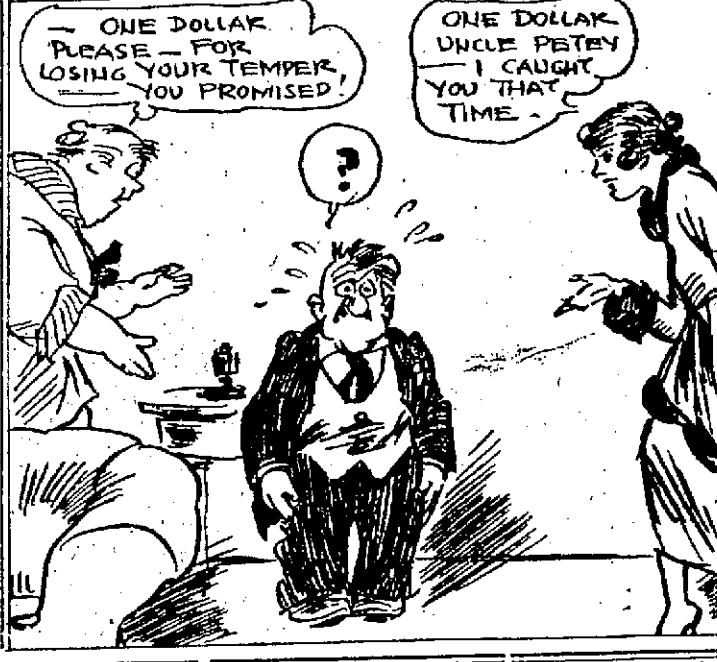
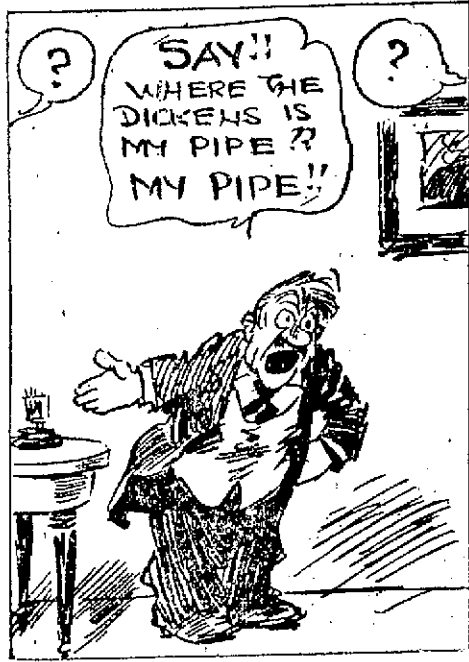
Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That is the joyful cry of thousands since Dr. Edwards produced Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. Dr. Edwards, the practicing physician for 17 years and a calomel's old-time enemy, discovered the formula for Olive Tablets while treating patients for chronic constipation and torpid livers.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, soothing vegetable laxative, of these little, sugary, olive-colored tablets. They cause the bowels and liver to act normally. They never force them to unnatural action.

If you have a "dark brown" or "black" stool—a dull, tired feeling—a headache, a torpid liver and are constipated, you'll find quick, sure and only pleasant results from one or two little Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at bedtime. Thousands take one or two every night just to keep right. Try them. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

PETEY DINK—NO MATTER HOW THE ARGUMENT ENDS, PETEY WINS.



his arm about him and regretted his well street disaster with a ferocious remorse. He could not speak, and there was a long dumbness before Wesley sighed:

"I guess we got to lose the horse, then."

That "then" was a history to a word. Bayard bent his head in shame at his helplessness. As usual, it was Wesley who found a shabby comfort in the situation—found it for his son.

"Don't you think anything more



She Ran to Her Father and Flung Her Arms About Him.

about it, my boy. I'm kind of relieved. He giggled with a pitiful scold. "I been so ashamed at tonight's over to bother you instead of rushing over to help you like I ought to—being your father—that I'm kind of glad you can't help me. I got no right to add to your troubles. I'm supposed to take care of you."

Bayard kept growling:

"To lose your home! To think of you losing your home! And me standing by!"

"Why, it's nothing, Bayard. After all, we're not in Belgium. We've got friends. And relations. There's no danger of anything happening to us." Daphne and Lella overheard this conversation while listening in the hall.

Daphne clung to Lella and buried her face in Lella's bosom to smother her frenzied grief. Lella, mopping Daphne's cheek with her own handkerchief, caught the glint of a diamond on her finger. It glistened like a great, immortal tear.

"It inspired her with a new hope. She had often consoled herself with the thought of her jewels as a final refuge, but she had put off the evil day. Now she felt that the time had come. She threw open the door and spoke into the gloom with a voice of seraphic beauty:

"I couldn't help hearing what you were saying. You needn't be downhearted, though. For I've just thought of a way to help daddy out. He was 'daddy' to her also."

Bayard and Wesley turned and stared at her in amazement. She went on in a kind of ecstasy.

"My rings!" she cried. "Don't you see! My diamonds and rubies! And I've got a necklace or two, and some chains and brooches. They're worth a lot of money. And you're welcome to 'em, daddy."

The men were confused with too many emotions to know what to feel, much less what to say. Lella's mission was so divinely meant that it was sacrilege to receive it with reluctance. And yet for Wesley to let this new daughter-in-law pawn her trinkets for him was post-graduate humiliation.

The end of it was that Bayard demanded the melancholy privilege of visiting the pawnshop himself. Lella made a heap of her adornments. Last of all she took from her neck the little plaque he had given her with its starburst of diamonds frosting a platinum filigree.

He kissed her mournfully and hurried away to the pawnshop. He skulked in and out like a burglar, and he brought away a pack of tickets and a lump of money. The pawnbroker apologized for lending him less than half the value of the gems; so many people were looking to the pawnbroker for salvation, he said, that he could not find cash enough for all. Times were hard indeed when the pawnbrokers were overworked.

Bayard went home and surrendered to Lella her funds. She passed them over to her father-in-law. Poor Wesley needed off the minimum that would

serve as a sop to his creditors' and said he would take the afternoon train home.

CHAPTER XVI.

Daphne had watched Lella's little scene with as much confusion as the other two Kips. She felt a normal amount of jealousy, of course, as woman to woman, but no more than a healthy amount for she liked Lella and she was grateful to Lella for being able to rescue her father and for being willing to. It was a fine thing for Lella to strip herself of her last splendor to help an old father-in-law pay the interest on a mortgage on a house in another town. Daphne gave Lella full measure of applause for that.

What embittered Daphne was that it had to be Lella and not herself that saved her father, and that Lella had to do the deed by spending things she had not paid for herself—ornaments, gewgaws, trifles.

Lella had collected from life perhaps three thousand dollars' worth of jewels and Daphne had collected a fifty-dollar check, framed and that check was in lieu of work. As soon as she remembered that check she ran up to her room and took it down from the wall, ripped off the back of the frame and removed the check from the mat. She studied it and thought, "The first money and the last." Then all her vigor and determination clenched all her muscles in a kind of lockjaw. She came out in the spasm in a tremor of hysterical faith. She spoke her thought aloud in a fury: "It shan't be lost, it shan't, it shan't, by golly!"

The feebleness of the expletive disgusted her. She tried to be powerful by way of powerful language. Before she knew it she ripped out a resounding oath that would have pleased good Queen Bess. "By G. I'll pay my way!—honestly! like a man!"

All her powder exploded in that one detonation. She fell over into a chair in horror. The blasphemy seemed to rattle about the little room. It terrified her. Mrs. Chivvis ran down the hall, carrying her everlastig sewing, and tapped on the door and asked:

"Did you call me, my dear? Are you ill?"

"No, thank you. I'm all right. I didn't say anything."

That was doubly false. She had said something. In the slang of the hour she had said something. She had said "said an awful," also a heartfelt.

Mrs. Chivvis supposed that what she had heard was some voice from the street, and went back alone the hall, stopping as she walked.

Daphne took the check and went down to Bayard's apartment. Bayard was on his way to the pawnbroker's. Lella was in his room. Old Wesley sat in a chair facing a wall. He seemed to see through it. The check he wanted to put in the pocket in his hand, explaining what it was.

"It's all I ever earned, daddy, and I want you to have it."

He looked at it and smiled and tears fairly shot out of his eyes. He parted her hand between his and said:

"Why, honey, I couldn't take your poor little earnings! Not for anything in this world."

"Please, daddy; it would make me ever so happy."

"But it would kill me! You don't want to do that, do you? You must spend it on yourself. Buy yourself something nice with it."

"I'll buy myself a picture of you."

She told her longing for a photograph of him, but did not tell him of her need of it as a talisman. He laughed aloud at this incredible way of spending money. He had begun suddenly to cry. He had no answer to that argument except yes. Then she began to laugh. They decided to stop at a photographer's on the way to the

five-thirty train. Daphne ran out and cashed Reben's check at the grocer's much to the relief of Reben's bookkeeper, whose books had been held up by the missing check.

Daphne asked for the privilege of taking her father to the train, and Bayard was so busy figuring where to



"I'd Give a Thousand Dollars for One Photograph of My Father."

put the cash he had on hand that he consented to stop at home. They went first to the gallery of a photographer whose show-case had displayed some strong and veracious portraits of men. The photographer's prices staggered Daphne and she protested, but he answered delectably:

"I'd give a thousand dollars for one photograph of my father."

That settled it. After the sitting Daphne and her father proceeded to the station. She stopped at the gate because she had neither a ticket for the train nor a platform pass from the station master.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brodhead News

Brodhead, Jan. 3.—Funeral services for Miss Catherine Warned were held today at the home.

Funeral services for August Reise will be held at the Evangelical church on Sunday afternoon at one o'clock.

The Laif-a-Lot club had a chicken picnic at six o'clock dinner at the home of Miss Dorothy on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wesley arrived here Thursday noon from Vancouver, Wash., where they have been for some months. Mr. Wesley is in the U. S. service.

Born on Wednesday, January 1st, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hintz, a son.

Frederic and C. J. Coldren were visitors in Monroe on Thursday and attended the funeral of an uncle.

Louise Blackbourne was here New Year's day to see his family.

Meadames Chas. Beattie and M. Kirby were passengers to Rockford, Thursday.

Miss Alice Emery returned to college in Beloit Thursday.

H. F. Reisse spent Thursday in Brownstown.

Miss Thelma Ames returned Thursday to Precept, where she is attending business college.

A. M. Ten Eyck returned Thursday to Rockford, having visited here with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Rice were visitors in Janesville, Thursday.

Stanley Swartz who is sick with the influenza is in Janesville.

Mrs. Hartley Dedrick was a visitor in Janesville, Thursday.

NOTICE—The Gazette is on sale in Brodhead at Miller's News Stand.

Orfordville News

Orfordville, Jan. 3.—On account of a derelict coach near Mineral Point, the east bound morning passenger was nearly three hours late on Friday morning.

William Krueger received word on Wednesday that his brother who resided near New Storm, had been caught out in the storm the night before and had met his death from exposure. Mr. Krueger went to Gratiot on Thursday.

Al Schrodde of Stoughton received a car of tobacco at the local siding on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Holvor Willa spent Thursday with friends in Milwaukee.

The Christmas Red Cross drive is still "on" in this section of the county. One day during the past week the local chairman received word that a neighborhood more than ten miles away was very desirous of becoming members of the society. Plans were at once made to enroll them.

RAGS RAGS RAGS Bring in your clean wiping rags and get 4c per pound for them at Church Office.

SIDE LIGHTS on the CIRCUS BUSINESS

By D. W. WATT Former Manager Burr Robbins and Later Manager of Adam Forepaugh Circuses.

It is learned on excellent authority that the Ringling Brothers are seriously contemplating an invasion of Europe, the intention being for the big combined Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey shows to open at Olympia on Boxing Day, December 26th 1919 for a season of six weeks, after which the "Greatest Show on Earth" will jump to Paris for a similar engagement.

For this proposed trip no cages or wagons would be transported to the other side, the animals all being carried in shifting boxes, temporary cages being erected Over There. About all that the show would take over, in addition to the animals, would be the ring stock and the personnel of the Ringling Brothers. This would be a most opportune time for a return engagement of the great American circus in the English and French metropolises.

It is understood that preliminary arrangements for the big circus have been entrusted to Charles Bornhaupt, the agent who is sailing immediately for the other side.

John and Alf T. Ringling have left for Florida for several weeks, so that it was impossible to get in touch with these magnates, but the foregoing information comes from a very trustworthy source, and it appears to be a very bright business move on the part of the circus kings.

The winter quarters of the combined shows at Bridgeport, Conn., are bristling with activity getting the outfit ready for the coming season's tour of the United States.

Fred Brudna will be the equestrian director with John Agee as assistant. Director Williams Shields also has been re-engaged.

The department of publicity will be composed of the following: Jay Riss, Wilbur Williams, Col. E. P. Norwood, and J. E. Donaldson.

Earl Shipley, the first American clown with the U. S. army in France, writes that he entertained some of his friends, in the trenches just two days before the armistice was signed. He says that he sang a few songs and did a very good clown's game and was a big scream. He hopes to be back in time to troupe next season as he is longing for the sawdust again.

The fame of the Christmas Tree Festival for the benefit of the mother-

less children of Chicago, now running at the coliseum, has spread far and wide and a number of delegations have come in from all surrounding towns to see if all the good reports that they have been receiving are true. One of the delegations that has called upon Thomas Convey, the genial and enterprising general manager of the Festival, was from Milwaukee.

Wis., a committee of the mothers of soldiers. These ladies were very enthusiastic about everything connected with the Christmas tree festival and complimented Mr. Convey very highly upon the idea, the concessions and the circus. In fact, they could hardly find words to express their light at the latter end of the poor night or afternoon at the coliseum and the arms of Santa Claus grow weary passing out presents to thousands of little ones who pass over the bridge to meet him. Every expression of the running shows ever seen in this town. From the minute the first whistle blows and the opening act goes on there isn't a dull moment. And the show runs with the snap and ginger that Agee always puts into his work.

In making a success of this venture, now in its second year, Mr. Convey has opened a field for showmen in every large city in the country. As the pioneer of affairs of this sort he has blazed a way that could be successfully copied and opened up a field for showmen on a large scale.

It is shown by the fact that so many have come in from other towns to look this one over and that offers have been made to have them go to these cities and give the same yearlings as they have here.

See many of these celebrations during the month of December.

Dinner Stories

Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania is nothing to a strict party man. Listening to this one that his friends are telling on this political leader, who has rounded out more than a half century in "single blessedness."

One of his long-time supporters said to him recently: "Now, Boies, you are going to be chairman of the next finance committee. You would have a good deal better standing down there in Washington, socially as well as politically, if you would get married."

"All right," said Penrose. "Have the organization pick me out a girl, and I'll marry her."

Gently the girl leaned toward him with an arch expression of inquiry.

"How many lumps?" she asked.

"Forty," he said.

And she wrote down his coal order for the coming winter.

SHARON

Where are places in the world that the weather has been better the last few weeks than in America can section northwest of Toul, but the prevailing dampness never tarnished the American sense of humor.

The colonel of a regiment, making a night tour of the trenches, was standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

"What's there?" said the sentry.

"Friends," replied the colonel.

"Welcome to our most serious said the sentry. And the most serious thing the colonel did was to laugh.

One of the first men a young ser-

Delevan Thursday by the death of a friend. Mrs. Hazel Stevens and son David, have gone to Mercer, Wis., where she will teach for the balance of the year. Dr. Nisum was called from Janesville Thursday to see Mrs. Fay Hoard who is ill with influenza.

Dr. T. G. Crow returned Thursday evening from Marengo, Iowa, where he was called by the serious illness of his mother.

Ernest Bowman of Janesville is visiting friends in town. Mrs. Ernest Bowman and Kenneth Hamilton are both sick with the influenza.

Edward Freitag who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Harvey Piper, left Wednesday for Chicago to resume work at his old position.

Chas. Wright passed away at a short home Friday morning after a short illness of heart trouble.

Uncle Pennywise Says. It is difficult to do anything for a man who is so ignorant he doesn't know he's ignorant.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Daily Thought. Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft—Shakespeare.

Peoples Drug Co. Say After each meal—YOU eat one EATONIC (FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE) and get full food value and real stomach comfort. Instantly relieves heartburn, bloated, gassy feeling, STOMACH acidity, flatulence and stomach misery. AIDS digestion; keeps the stomach sweet and pure. EATONIC is the best emulsion and only costs a cent or two a day to use it. You will find it a satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Please call and try it.

Was Constipated and A Nervous Wreck

Bed-fast four months. Now up and gaining in flesh.

"Four months ago I was bed fast. I was badly constipated, suffered from indigestion, and was always taking cold, until my nervous system was completely wrecked. I suffered with neuralgia, pains around my head, soreness all through my chest, and pains under my shoulder blades. I was all gone now. I am on my feet and doing my own cooking and feeling in flesh right along. My emulsion has certainly worked wonders for me."—Mrs. Frank Roderick, R. R. 26, Decker, Ind.

One of the most common of all diseases is a large family of diseases. The whole system is clogged and weakened. Salt and acid give only temporary relief and usually aggravate the trouble. Milk Emulsion is a pleasant nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy, natural bowel action and keeps the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength, Milk Emulsion is strongly recommended to run-down, nervous people and it has produced amazing results in many cases of tuberculosis of the lungs. Chronic coughs, colds and constipation are much relieved—usually in one day. It works like magic on coughs and colds.

This is the only solid emulsion made and so palatable that it is eaten with spoon like ice cream. A truly wonderful medicine for weak, sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milk Emulsion under this guarantee—Take six bottles home with you, use it according to directions and if you are not completely cured, your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. The M. C. Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold and guaranteed by J. P. Baker.

The Gazette's Annual Review Edition Will Be Published Saturday, January 11th.

Orders are coming in to this office daily for extra copies. Have you placed your order yet? 5 CENTS PER COPY

The edition will be complete, a review of the eventful happenings of 1918 in condensed form, a chronology of events, a paper to save for reference regarding the stirring times of this present year. Pictorially it will cover a wide field of interest.

Advertisers know this Annual Review edition as a good medium in which to take space. Orders for advertising are now being filled.

A RAW, SORE THROAT

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole.

And Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain. Musterole is a clean, white ointment made of oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest. Nothing like Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER







